

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

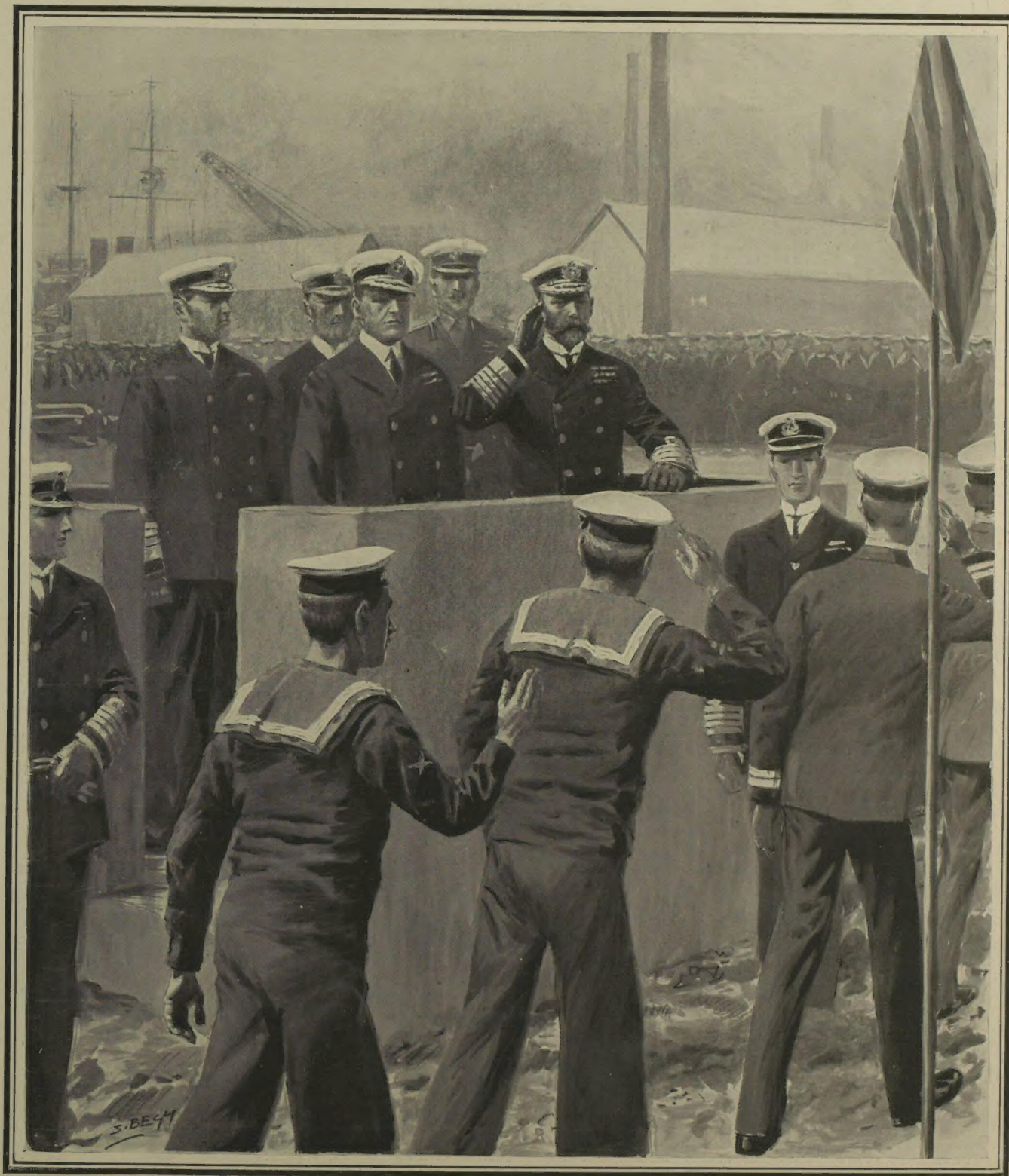
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SIXPENCE.

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"FOR YOUR SPLENDID WORK I THANK YOU": HIS MAJESTY THE KING TAKING THE SALUTE
DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET.

His Majesty left London on the 13th to visit the Grand Fleet, and returned on the 18th. In an address to the officers and men he said, regarding the great naval battle: "You drove the enemy into his harbours and inflicted on him very severe losses, and you added another page to the glorious traditions of the British Navy. You could not do more, and for your splendid work I thank you." The author of the sketch from which our drawing was made writes: "It represents the King inspecting the sailors who

fought in the battle of Jutland. Every man in the Fleet marched past the King and saluted him. The proceedings opened by an address from his Majesty, after which three very hearty cheers for the King were given, led by Admiral Beatty. Then followed the inspection. The seamen were drawn up in mass and marched past in single file, each ship's company being led by its captain." In the central group his Majesty is seen saluting. On his right hand is Admiral Beatty.

DRAWN BY S. BECH FROM A SKETCH BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was legitimate to hope that before these lines appeared in print we might have some news of the possibility of some Irish Government for Ireland. Only a very few people now resent it; and they are of the sort who prefer a fight even to the things they fight for. In this paper I deal with Irish questions with some deliberate restraint; partly because it cannot be an arena for retort and rejoinder; but more because I know that it circulates in foreign places, and has long had a sort of cosmopolitan position like the *Times*, responsibly sustained. Under these circumstances, I am in no way ashamed of saying much less than I should say if I were only addressing my own countrymen. But by the most moderate statement the chapter of English history which closes here has been almost to the very last an exceedingly black one. 'I regard things like' the excellent Wyndham Land Act rather with the relief of one paying off a debt than the rollicking self-righteousness of one conferring a present; and when an eloquent religious leader describes the Irish as "petted and coddled," I think such language not only monstrously false, but mortally dangerous. But if anyone attempts, as some in America have attempted, to use the English sins in Ireland as a sort of set-off against the Prussian sins in Europe, they fall into a blunder of the simplest and most enormous sort. If anyone thinks that there is any sort of comparison between this evil, with which a member of the Alliance has been hampered in the past, and that great evil with which the whole Alliance is at war in the present, then that person does not understand the time in which he was born or the sights that are before his eyes.

Calmly and clearly seen, the difference is not one of degree. It is a radical and, perhaps, incurable difference in kind. The English misrule in Ireland might have been a million times worse than it was, or a million times worse than the wildest American Fenian has ever alleged it to be, and the two diseases would still be as different in their whole cause and cure as a slight tendency to anæmia is different from a thundering apoplexy. It would, perhaps, be a truer simile to say that England, in its function towards the Irish, has suffered that cardiac defect which is called fatty degeneration, which greater exercise can avert. But Prussia has had a disease of the heart which its very exercise increases.

The difference is this: that Prussian progress is even more oppressive than Prussian reaction. It was not the Prussia of the old black gunpowder, but the Prussia of the new asphyxiating gas that was a menace to men and nations. It was not the antiquated Lutheranism of Frederick William, but the modern atheism of Frederick the Great that was and is the military religion of Berlin. It is not in the least that Germans believe in being retrograde; it is, on the contrary, that Germans believe above all things in being "advanced"; and they advance with chemical bombs in their hands. The real case against them is to be found in the phrase which they perpetually employ; that they have a future. They believe in the future; they worship the future; and, to a person of Christian or chivalric instincts, their future is more fearful and inhuman than anybody else's past. German hopefulness is the most horrible thing in the world; worse than the worst hopelessness of the most hopeless obscurantists. When they say that theirs is the young nation, they mean it; and they mean

that our nations are old and about to die. "And good shall die first, said thy prophet." "And people shall help them to do so," said *their* prophet, Nietzsche, when he spoke of the weak perishing off the earth. When they say, in their innocent anthropologies, that the Teutons are the true warriors of the world, they mean it; and they mean that they will always regard the possession of blue eyes as a natural reason for giving black eyes. But they regard this idea as



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE FRONT: IN CONVERSATION WITH A BRITISH GENERAL.

fulfilling itself even more perfectly in Zeppelins or lachrymatory shells than it was ever fulfilled in fire-brands or battle-axes. Professor Deissmann, evidently, as Prussians go, a very amiable old gentleman, replied in effect to the remonstrances against the tools of mere torment which Germany is using for weapons, by saying that they seem to him only further steps in scientific progress. He suggested that similar sentimental protests were probably made against the change from stone hatchets to steel swords. When

dislike in him, and however much or however little we dislike it, he is going to give us a great deal more of it. He does not believe in proportion, like an artist. He believes in growth, like an animal—or a vegetable.

Now, there is nothing whatever to be named in the same world with all this in the stale and local grievances, like that of Ireland, which afflict or defile the other civilised Governments. For instance, the old feeling against the religion of the Irish may have been right or wrong; but no sane man will deny that it is less bitter than it was. It has weakened under the influence of a spirit specifically modern, whether we praise that spirit as toleration, or lament it as indifference. A man who objects to Home Rule because it is Rome Rule is certainly old-fashioned, even if he is right. Belfast, much more than Oxford, is the home of lost causes. I do not condemn it on that account; I commend it for adhering to lost causes if it really thinks they are just causes. By a process more recent, but equally decisive, the habit of despising such peoples as the Irish for not being "of Germanic race," while still teeming with possibilities for Germans, will be received with a singular silence by Englishmen. The Germans themselves have seen to that. Indeed, it is amusing to note that, after all their plans to corrupt Irish soldiers or equip Irish expeditions, the one and only piece of help the Germans have given to the Sinn Feiners is to have made the Teuton much more unpopular than the Celt. A witty Irishman, best known to us in England as Norreys Connell, has put the new situation with considerable point in a poem, in which he says that he and his countrymen are still the enemies of Old England, but the friends and allies of Young England. With Germany, it will be noted, the precise opposite is the case. It is precisely the New Germany which we feel as the deadliest foe of the free peoples; and if we retain any affection in the matter it is certainly for Old Germany. The English instruments of torture are to be found in their museums; but the German instruments of torture are to be found in their chemical factories. Nothing resembling the German energy of science and innovation in the art of tyranny can be found in the areas once oppressed by England, or even the areas

oppressed by Russia—or, for the matter of that, the areas oppressed by Turkey. These are the ends of old religious quarrels, not the beginnings of new rationalist experiments. There still exist English prejudices and Russian prejudices; but the answer is in the very fact that they are prejudices. Caste insolence, imperial rapacity, racial contempt—these are a part of European prejudice; but they are a part of Teutonic progress. These things are our obscurationism, but Germany's enlightenment. It is true to say that almost every modern German is enlightened; and the light in his body is darkness.

What we are fighting is a new and a false religion,

much more powerful but much less noble than that against which our civilisation strove in the Crusades. But in its clearest minds it may almost be called a religion of irreligion. It trusts itself utterly to the anarchy of the unknown; and, unless civilisation can sober it with a shock of disappointment, it will be for ever inexhaustible in novelties of perversion and pride. Only one principle will inspire all its changes—and that is that in two senses it is always a religion of blood, for its idol is race and its sacrifice is slaughter.

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THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE FRONT: PAYING A VISIT TO ONE OF THE LONDON BATTALIONS.

The Lord Mayor, who is Hon. Colonel of the London Garrison Artillery Brigade, President of the City of London Territorial Force Association, and Honorary Commandant of the National Guard, paid a week-end visit to the British front in Flanders recently, accompanied by Colonel Evelyn Wood, D.S.O., Secretary of the London Territorial Force Association. Sir Charles Wakefield visited the regiments of the London Division, and, both publicly and privately, in conversation with officers and men, conveyed to them the City's appreciation of their services and hearty thanks. The General commanding the London Division thanked the Lord Mayor, on behalf of his men, and expressed "the great pleasure that his visit to them at the front had given to all ranks."—[Press Bureau Photographs; supplied by S. and G.]

they say that a submarine (or sub-marine mine) assassination, such as the assassination of Lord Kitchener, is obviously and entirely innocent; they mean it; and they mean to be still more innocent if they can manage it. That is the unique note of the Prusso-German peril. Its inspiration is neither Protestantism nor Catholicism, neither Royalism nor Republicanism; it is Futurism. What the German Hegel said of the whole cosmos is really true of the German's own private cosmos. The German is not a being, but a becoming. In other words, whatever it is that we

RUINED: A VERDUN FORT LOST AFTER A MAGNIFICENT DEFENCE.



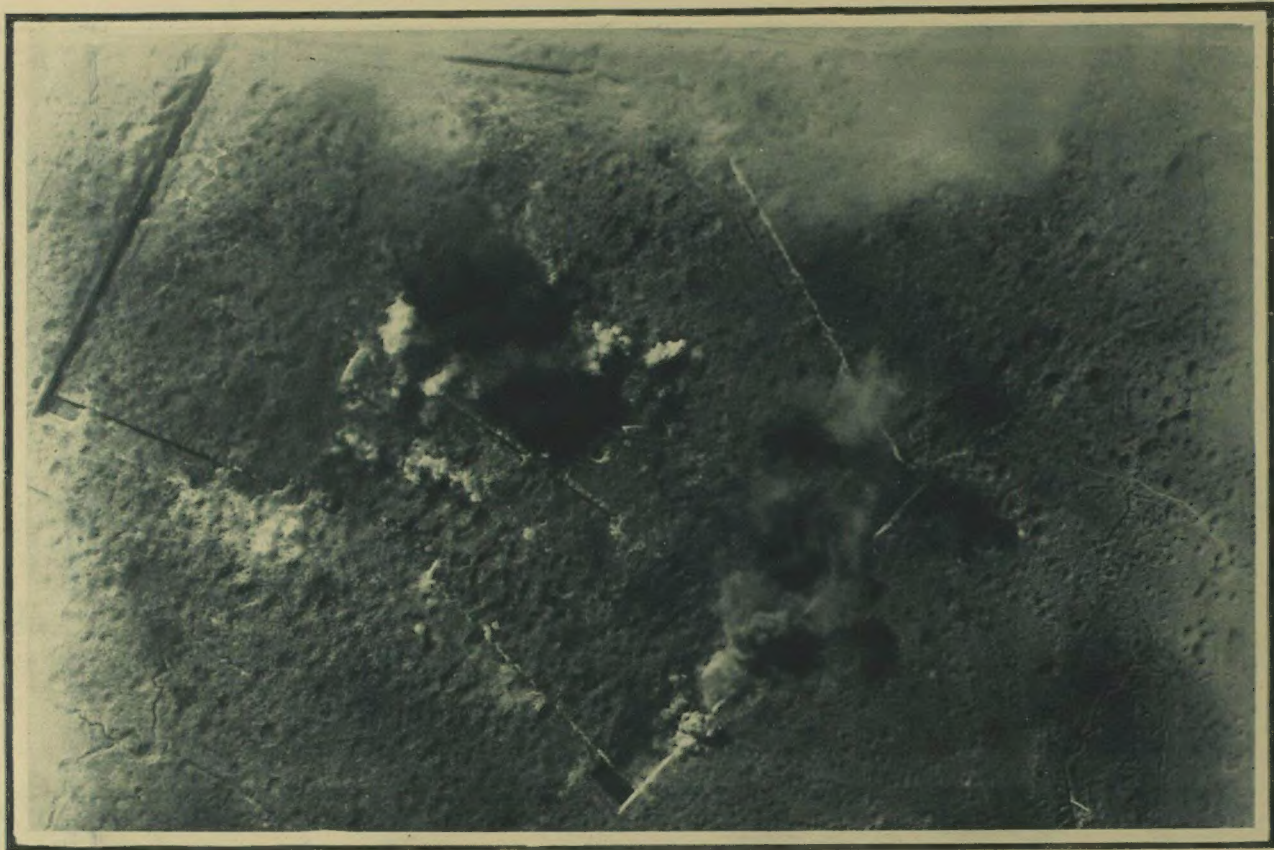
BOMBARDED BY PARKS OF ARTILLERY FOR NINETY DAYS: THE RUINS OF VAUX FORT, RECENTLY TAKEN BY THE GERMANS AT AN IMMENSE COST IN LIVES.

A French communiqué of June 8 announced: "After seven days' desperate fighting against assaulting troops renewed incessantly, the garrison of the Fort of Vaux, which had reached the limit of its strength, was unable to prevent the enemy from occupying the work, which had been completely ruined by furious bombardment. We hold the immediate approaches and the trenches on the left and right of the fort, before which all the attacks launched by the enemy have been broken by our fire." The garrison of Fort Vaux, under Major Raynal, who has been made a Commander of the Legion of

Honour, put up a magnificent defence. Although the culminating infantry assaults lasted a week, the position had for a long time before been subjected to a concentrated bombardment by an immense number of German guns. The fort withstood direct attack, it is said, for ninety days, during which the approaches were strewn with German dead. The cost to the enemy in casualties was out of all proportion to their gain, for the fort, though important, was not vital, being only a subsidiary position to a chain of stronger defences.

BATTLE-PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AN AEROPLANE: DOUAUMONT FORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



DOUAUMONT FORT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE ON THE EVE OF A FRENCH ATTACK: FRENCH ARTILLERY PREPARATION IN PROGRESS ON MAY 21.



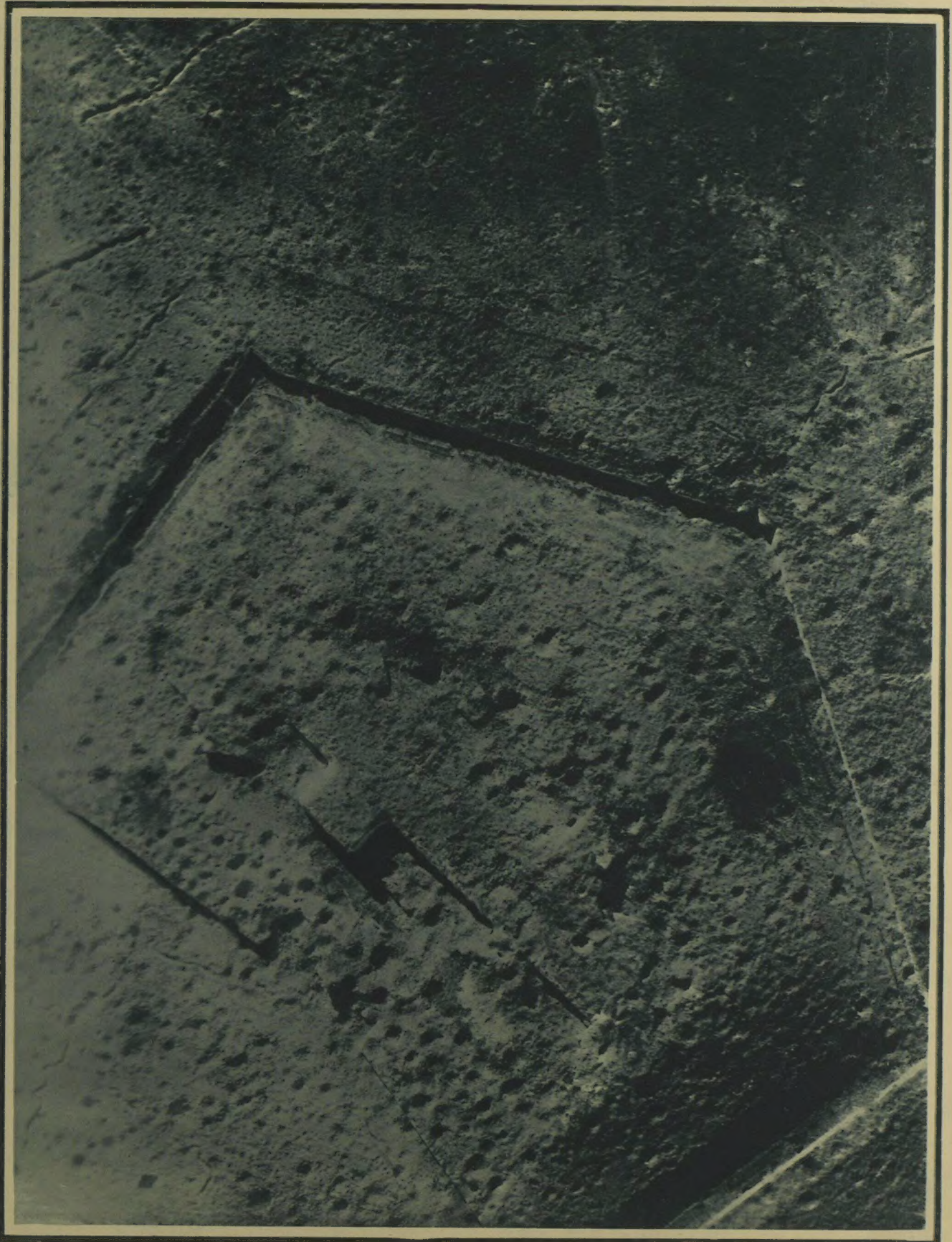
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE JUST BEFORE A FRENCH ASSAULT: DOUAUMONT FORT, AT 10 O'CLOCK ON MAY 22.

These remarkable photographs, taken from a French aeroplane, show Douaumont Fort, near Verdun, as it appeared from the air just before the great French assault of May 22 and 23. In the upper one the French preliminary bombardment of the fort, then in German hands, is seen in progress. The French were temporarily successful in recapturing two-thirds of the fort; but on May 24 the enemy again dislodged them. The work of the French airmen was not confined

to taking photographs. "A little before 6 o'clock on the morning of May 22," writes Mr. H. Warner Allen, "an aeroplane squadron of the Army of Verdun went up and passed over the enemy's lines. A few minutes later six German sausage-balloons which were flying captive above the right bank of the Meuse exploded. The French airmen had accomplished their mission; they had deprived the German artillery of its best means of observation and hampered its action very considerably."

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HEIGHT OF 5000 FEET: DOUAUMONT FORT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



SHOWING HOW THE GROUND HAS BEEN TORN AND TORTURED BY SHELL-FIRE: DOUAUMONT FORT, NEAR VERDUN, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A FRENCH AEROPLANE.

The value of photography in air-scouting could hardly be better illustrated than in the wonderful camera-pictures, on this and the opposite page, of the shell-shattered Fort of Douaumont, taken from a French military aeroplane just before the French attack of May 22. Describing the artillery preparation that preceded the infantry assault, Mr. H. Warner Allen writes: "For two days the bombardment raged, shattering with unceasing explosions the ruins of the fort. On the horizon line of the hills

above the Meuse the peak of Douaumont, wreathed in black smoke, seemed a volcano in eruption. . . . The centre was to carry the most important point—the ruins of the fort. . . . At 11.50 a.m. the men dashed forward. They leapt from shell-hole to shell-hole, then from obstacle to obstacle, throwing themselves on the ground, disappearing, rising again, sometimes falling never to rise again. . . . By noon most of the fort had been captured."

IN THE GREAT EASTERN BATTLE-AREA: WHERE BRUSILOFF IS FIGHTING.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT.



CROSSING THE PRIPET MARSHES: RUSSIANS ON A MILITARY TRESTLE-BRIDGE ACROSS ONE OF THE SOFT, MUD-BOTTOMED STREAMS TOO DEEP TO FORD.

The greater portion of the wide-stretching area of the Pripet marshes extends over the immense tract of country which lies immediately to the north of where General Brussiloff's armies are, at the moment of writing, carrying on their principal operations. In places, however, the southern tracts of the marshes project into and intersect the present battle-area, and have had to be traversed by some of the Russian columns moving to outflank the Austrian Army hitherto in position between the Kovel-Kieff railway and the Pripet marshes. All over its surface, the district consists of an intricate network of deep,

muddy, sluggish streams, sparsely wooded along their banks. Flat island patches of slightly rising ground divide the swamps. At this time of the year the swamps are usually flooded into wide, shallow lakes. To cross the deeper streams and link together for military purposes the few causeways that ordinarily form the communication between the local marshland villages, the Russians have had to build timber bridges, mostly supported on trestles. A Russian infantry regiment is seen in the illustration as it threads its way forward, marching over one such bridge. — [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BREAKER OF THE AUSTRIAN FRONT AND REGAINER OF CZERNOWITZ.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY RECORD PRESS.



THE RUSSIAN WHOSE NAME IS ON ALL LIPS: GENERAL BRUSILOFF, WHOSE HAMMER-BLOWS ARE RECONQUERING GALICIA.

Before the war, General Brusilov was widely known throughout the Russian Army as a brilliant cavalry officer of exceptional attainments and masterful leadership. For the tactics of his thunderbolt-like break-through in Southern Galicia, he undoubtedly owes something to the inspiration of his earlier training. "Of medium stature," says one who recently met him, "his erect, lean figure looks as if it were sculptured out of bronze—with keen, searching eyes peering out from under arched, bony brows." Stern, inflexible of will, a man of prompt decision and laconic speech, at the age of sixty-four his powers of hard work and capacity for active physical endurance are regarded as

marvellous even among the hardest Russians. As a General, he combines the dash and daring of a Murat with the wariness and "old-fox" craftiness of a Marshal Sout. His troops, it is told, "worship him." At the same time, General Brusilov never courts popularity. He makes few speeches and those short. He talks familiarly to few—even then speaking in crisp, brusque phrases, characteristic of the man. There is in currency, relates a Russian war correspondent, the following remark made recently by a soldier in conversation with a somewhat timid friend: "What? retreat! No. Impossible. We are Brusilov's!" Such is the confidence he inspires in his men.

WITH RUSSIA'S VICTORIOUS ARMY: BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE DASHING RUSSIAN CAVALRY: ADVANCING TO POSITION DURING AN ATTACK.



RUSSIA'S SPLENDID INFANTRY ENGAGED IN ATTACKING THE ENEMY: A MACHINE-GUN IN ACTION.

It is a little early yet, of course, to receive many photographs illustrating the recent splendid victories of the Russian Army over the Austrians. Those reproduced above and opposite belong, obviously, to an earlier phase of the campaign on the Eastern Front, seeing that they were taken when snow was still thick upon the ground. For some reason or another, these photographs have only just come to hand, but the vivid sense of action and movement which they convey makes them particularly interesting,

especially at a time when we are all rejoicing over the fresh triumphs of our gallant Russian allies. The upper of the two photographs on this page, in particular, gives a remarkably picturesque idea of the dash and vigour with which the famous Russian cavalry goes into action. In the lower picture, the machine-gun is seen being operated by the man lying third from the left. The Russians are far better supplied now with guns and munitions than they were last year.

WITH AN ARMY WINNING GREAT VICTORIES: RUSSIANS IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



SUPPORTED BY AN ARMOURD CAR (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND): RUSSIAN INFANTRY IN ACTION.



UNDER FIRE FROM ARTILLERY: RUSSIAN INFANTRY DURING AN ATTACK UPON THE ENEMY.

These vivid photographs of Russian troops in action belong, as mentioned on the opposite page, to an earlier period of this year's operations, but are of special interest just now in view of the great Russian victories. Their results, at the moment of writing, may be placed on record here, in the words of a Russian official communiqué issued on the 15th. "The offensive of General Brussiloff," it states, "continued yesterday. On different sections of the front we captured still more prisoners and booty. The enemy

at some places continued his counter-attacks, and in others is consolidating his new positions. According to further information, the number of prisoners would appear to be: 1 General; 3 regimental commanders; 2472 officers and about 150,000 men; with 163 guns; 266 machine-guns; 131 bomb-throwers; and 32 mine-throwers." It became known a few weeks ago, through a message of thanks to King Albert, that some Belgian armoured cars were in Russia, and these have taken part in the recent fighting.

THE MAGNIFICENT RUSSIAN BREAK-THROUGH IN GALICIA: AN URGENT DESPATCH.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPONCE-WRIGHT.



A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN THE SUPERB ADVANCE OF GENERAL BRUSSILOFF'S ARMY:

Except when actually on the battlefield, when reviewing the troops, or within range of the enemy's artillery, few Generals in high command mount their chargers. It is everywhere the same, and has always been so except, according to all accounts, in the cases of two great commanders—the Duke of Wellington and Frederick the Great, who, whether in or out of battle, were always on horseback. General Joffre posts from place to place, from one army headquarters to another, in his motor-car. The Grand Duke Nicholas rosters where he can and drives in a carriage when not motoring. German papers show pictures of the Kaiser going about in similar conveyances. In a motor-car or a carriage maps and documents can be more easily carried and got at, and any writing done, than on horseback. Many of the Russian Generals follow the example of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as in the case of the leader who is seen here receiving a despatch while on a read at night with his mounted escort of Cossacks and attendant

IMPORTANT NEWS READ BY TORCHLIGHT BY A GENERAL IN A TRAVELLING-CARRIAGE.

torchbearers lighting the rough way. While horses also, if not actually the rule, are yet the favourite carriage-horses (for the same reason that, when mounted on his battle-day charger, a General is closely followed by a special standard-bearer with a distinctive flag), so that all may know who is in the carriage. To revert to some historical precedents: The great Duke of Marlborough invariably took his carriage with him on campaign, and used it in between his battles. His Blenheim letter to his wife was written in his coach, and records how he drove from the field with his prisoner, the captured French Marshal—"with Marshal Tallard beside me in my coach." William III. and Louis XIV's Marshals always drove to the battlefield. Napoleon, all the world knows, practically lived in his coach in war except when personally directing operations in action. His Waterloo carriage, as a fact, is now a trophy in London.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"WE CARRIED OUT A SUCCESSFUL RAID": BRITISH TROOPS

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH, BY SPECIAL



FROM A REMARKABLE BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING ACTION: TWO BRITISH TO ASSAULT GERMAN TRENCHES.

Behind the brief and formal statements of each official communiqué recording the deeds of our men at the front, there lies a scene of life-and-death drama. Such scenes it is not often possible to illustrate by photography, but sometimes, as in this case, a daring soldier of the camera takes a snapshot in the very heat of action. The photograph, after which our reproduction is made, was taken during a British advance somewhere in France. In the immediate foreground is a hole made by a shell, and to the right are two wounded men who have fallen during the assault. Just beyond, some of their comrades are seen working forward after having cut through the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements. Over the ridge in the background a shell is burning. An illustration like this helps to visualise the reality that is at the back of many a sentence in the official reports from Headquarters, such as, for

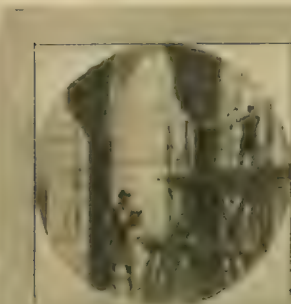
ADVANCING TO ATTACK THROUGH THE ENEMY'S WIRE.

ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "DAILY MAIL."



SOLDIERS LYING WOUNDED WHERE THEY FELL, WHILE THEIR COMRADES ADVANCE SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

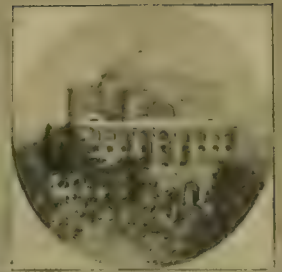
example, that of June 17: "Further south we carried out two successful raids, one near the River Iys and the second near Givenchy. In both cases our parties accomplished some useful bombing, and returned safely." Or, again, on the 18th: "Last night our troops carried out successful raids north-west of Tiers and south of Bois Centre. At the latter place a party of Australian troops entered the enemy's trenches, causing him a known loss of twelve killed and probably several others and capturing six prisoners. Two machine-guns were destroyed. The raiding party returned safely, their only casualties being one officer and one man, both slightly wounded." These are only two of many such incidents, of which our illustration may be taken as typical, although in this case the attack was obviously delivered in daylight.



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles & ISIDORE OF MILETUS, SHOWING THE PLAN TO HIM BY THE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GERMAN SCIENCE AGAIN.

SOME twenty-five years ago the Germans awoke to the fact that it would be an excellent thing for them if they were recognised as the masters of the world in matters of science; and they set to work to "make it so" with that unrelenting rapacity which

sent to the universities of England, America, and a few of our colonies to give the education of English-speaking youth a German tinge; while, in theory at any rate, corresponding advantages were held out to foreigners at German universities. In this, as in other matters, however, the German idea of reciprocity turned out to be curiously one-sided; for while the German Professors in America, and to a smaller extent in England, were at once more highly paid and more looked up to than the native born, their unfortunate "opposite numbers" found themselves so poorly supported in Germany that most of them returned home some time before the war. It was lucky for them that they did so, for otherwise they would probably be now enjoying the hospitality of Ruhleben or Wittenberg.

What these manoeuvres meant was revealed to us when the war broke out, and the famous manifesto of the ninety-three was published, in which the most distinguished of German Professors not only proclaimed their hearty adhesion to the ambitious designs of the Kaiser, but attempted to justify the outrageous methods by which he had attempted to carry them out. It then became evident that their aim had all along been, not the furtherance of science as such, but the supremacy of German science, and that their pretence of cosmopolitanism had only been assumed as a mask. Yet we need not have waited for the war to tell us this. Some forty years ago the celebrated German historian Giesebrecht proclaimed that "it is false that science has no fatherland, and that it soars above all frontiers. Science ought not to be cosmopolitan; it ought to be national, and above all, it ought to be German." This

was perhaps the first note sounded of the Pan-Germanic idea, and we have but too good reason to recognise how quickly and skilfully the idea was developed.

many of us have mistaken for thoroughness. By the steady collection and publication of undigested masses of facts, by diligent and often ingenious advertisement, and by the ignoring or belittling in their publications of the work of any but German men of science, they laid the foundations of the reputation they wished to acquire. Then began the part of the Imperial Government, which by the generous and discriminating support which it gave to scientific investigation—either directly or through the great manufacturing works established by State credit and supported by State orders—succeeded in making the German laboratories the best equipped and the best staffed in the world. When this position was once attained, the rest was easy. Students from all parts of the world, from Japan and from America quite as much as from Russia, Italy, and England, flocked to the German universities and to the German chemical and physical institutes; and thus a large part of the youths who were henceforth to depend on science for a livelihood received a German education.

This done, the scheme of "exchange" Professors was launched, and German men of science were

first rank therein, but that their true service to it has lain almost entirely in the skilful adaptation in the commercial sense of other people's ideas.

The founders of modern science—Galvani, Volta, Ampère, and Faraday in physics; Lavoisier and Dalton in chemistry; Harvey, Linnaeus, and Lamarck in the natural sciences—certainly owed nothing to German tuition; while in more modern times the Germans have few names to show against those of Pasteur, Berthelot, Curie, Lister, Kelvin, and Ramsay. Even in the arts of war, which they thought to make their own, they have had to make use of the inventions of foreigners; and the shrapnel shell, the submarine, and the aeroplane were all the work of other than German minds.

That this should be so is perhaps not astonishing. If the book quoted above be right, the Germans have never sought science for its own sake or from that love of free inquiry which in the ancient world so distinguished its first followers, the Greeks. Rather have they pursued it for the exclusive advantages it would confer either upon themselves individually or—to do them



WHERE GERMAN SHELLS STILL FALL: A RUINED STREET IN YPRES.

A British official despatch of the 11th mentioned "the shelling of the town of Ypres and the back area south of it" by the German artillery.



MARKS OF WAR IN AN YPRES CONVENT CHURCH: BULLET-HOLES IN WALLS AND WINDOWS.

The sender of this photograph describes it as showing "the interior of the noted convent church belonging to the Irish nuns of Ypres."

justice—upon their nation as a whole. But Science is a jealous mistress, and when scorned is apt to take her revenge in a way as grim as it is thorough. It may not be long before the Germans come to see the truth of this.—F. L.

RECOGNISED AND WITHOUT THE BRASSARD: THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, CENTRAL PRESS, AND L.N.A.



"SWEARING IN" AT THE GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO MEN OF THE CITY OF LONDON NATIONAL GUARD.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD IN HYDE PARK: SOLDIERS AND POLICE KEEPING BACK THE LINE OF ONLOOKERS.



LONDON'S VOLUNTEERS REVIEWED BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOME FORCES: LORD FRENCH INSPECTING THE RANKS.



A TASK THE KING WOULD HAVE LIKED TO PERFORM: LORD FRENCH (SEEN IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF THE FLAG-POLE) AT THE SALUTING-POINT.



THE SALUTING-POINT SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE: LORD FRENCH (THIRD FROM RIGHT, MOUNTED) TAKING THE SALUTE.

Saturday, June 17, was a great day for the Volunteers, when Field-Marshal Lord French inspected more than 10,000 officers and men of the various London corps in Hyde Park. Among them were over 3000 men of the South London Regiment, 1500 of the City of London National Guard, over 1000 of the West London Regiment, and eight other regiments. Before the review the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Wakefield, administered the oath to members of the National Guard at the Guildhall. He has also issued an appeal for more men to swell the ranks. At the review, Lord French, on his return to the saluting-point after making his inspection, addressed the commanding officers in terms

of high approbation. "First of all," he said, "I have it in command from the King to tell you how very sorry his Majesty is that he is unable to take this review himself. He would have been delighted to do so, and was most anxious to do so; but you know how very numerous are the engagements his Majesty has just now and how difficult it is to arrange these things. However, the King desires me to tell you how highly he appreciates the devoted loyalty and energy you have shown and everything you have done. . . . You are, as I have said, now thoroughly recognised as part of his Majesty's Forces. . . . On all this I heartily congratulate you."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, HEATH, VANDYK, LANOPIER, DUBELLE, LAFAYETTE, SPEIGHT, SPORT AND GENERAL, MAULL AND FOX, AND DEBENHAM.



REV. W. M. LE PATOUREL,
Chaplain, H.M.S. "Defence." Killed
in Battle of Jutland. Vicar of
St. Dunstan's, East Acton.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR L. CAY,
H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of Captain
R. B. Cay, R.N., of Dover.



LIEUT.-COMM. JOHN S.
WILSON,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Killed in
Battle of Jutland, May 31.



LIEUT.-COMM. A. GERALD
ONSLow, D.S.C.,
Killed in Battle of Jutland. Son
of late Colonel Gerald C. P. Onslow.



COMM. HON. E. B. S. BINGHAM,
H.M.S. "Nestor." Killed in Battle
of Jutland. Third son of Lord and
Lady Cinnabar.



LIEUT.-COMM. THE HON.
HUGH CECIL ROBERT
FEILDING,
H.M.S. "Defence." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of the
Earl and Countess of Denbigh.



COMM. H. L. L. PENNELL,
H.M.S. "Queen Mary." Killed
in Battle of Jutland. Was a
member of Captain Scott's
Antarctic Expedition, 1910-13.



COMM. A. T. JOHNSTONE,
H.M.S. "Defence." Killed
in Battle of Jutland. Son
of Mrs. Johnstone, Prince
Edward's Mansions, Palace
Court.



COM. SIR CHARLES
RODNEY BLANE,
H.M.S. "Queen
Mary." Killed in
Battle of Jutland.
Succeeded as fourth
Baronet, 1911. Leaves
no heir.



COMM. LOFTUS
W. JONES,
H.M.S. "Shark."
Killed in Battle of
Jutland, heroically
serving his last gun
after one leg had
been blown off.



LIEUT.-COMM. R. H. LLEWELYN,
H.M.S. "Queen Mary." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of Sir Robert and Lady
Llewellyn, Winchfield.



CAPT. CHARLES JOHN WINTOUR,
H.M.S. "Tipperary." Killed in Battle of Jutland.
Son of late Rev. F. and of Mrs. Wintour, High Hay-
land, Barnsley.



COMM. R. H. D. TOWNSEND,
H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed in Battle of
Jutland. Son of Mr. R. H. Townsend,
Queenstown, Co. Cork.



LT.-COMM. RALPH L. CLAYTON,
H.M.S. "Queen Mary." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of late Admiral
Clayton, and Mrs. Clayton, Ross.



ENG.-COM. H. T. MEESON, D.S.O.,
H.M.S. "Defence." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of Mr.
Frederick Meeson, Eastbourne.



LIEUT. JOHN A. KEMP,
H.M.S. "Tipperary." Killed in Battle
of Jutland. Son of Mr. John Kemp,
Lincoln's Inn, and Onslow Square.



COMM. GEORGE C. STREET,
H.M.S. "Queen Mary." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. H. W. Street.



LT.-COM. E. SMYTH-OSBOURNE,
H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed in Battle
of Jutland. Son of Mrs. Smyth-
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GEORGIAN POETRY.

IN those far-off days before the war there was published a book called "Georgian Poetry, 1911-12," giving representative specimens of the work of several poets who belong to the present reign. This has now been followed by another volume entitled "Georgian Poetry, 1913-15" (The Poetry Book-shop). "Two of the poets," says the editor in a preface, "I think the youngest, and certainly not the least gifted, are dead. Rupert Brooke, who seemed to have everything that is worth having, died last April [1915] in the service of his country. James Elroy Flecker, to whom life and death were less generous, died in January after a long and disabling illness." In the new volume the place of honour is given to Mr. Gordon Bottomley, who allowed his play, "King Lear's Wife," to be first published in it. Like Anne Holey, one of the Queen's maids supplants her mistress in the King's affection, and, like her too, comes to a tragic end. The rest of the fourteen contributors figure in alphabetical order. There are seven poems of Rupert Brooke's, including the prophetic sonnet, already well known, beginning—

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. . . .

The poems of the late Mr. J. E. Flecker, especially "Gates of Damascus" and "The Dying Patriot," must also cause regret for a gifted singer "dead ere his prime." Mr. W. W. Gibson is represented by two poems, one describing an escaped prisoner's perishing in a gorse fire; the other, called "Hoops," a dialogue between three members of a travelling circus, who discuss in good blank verse all manner of things, from camels to the Solan geese of St. Kilda, and from Cherokee Indians to visions of Diana. The itinerant menagerie must be a more intellectual circle than it is famed to be, if these interesting colloquies are true to life. Later, we come to one of the greater names of our day, that of Mr. John Masefield, who supplies one poem, "The Wanderer" (from "Philip the King"). Mr. Masefield here is in his favourite element, the sea; and "the Wanderer," needless to say, is a ship. The poem represents Mr. Masefield at his best as a word-painter of those that go down to the sea in ships and their craft—

I looked with them towards the dimness; there
Gleamed like a spirit striding out of night
A full-rigged ship unutterably fair,
Her masts like trees in winter, frosty-bright.

Mr. Harold Monro supplies three poems, one of them about a cat—a distant cousin, perhaps, of Matthew Arnold's feline friend who resembled Tiberius. Another, "Children of Love," is a daring but beautiful picture of an imaginary

meeting between the Child Jesus and Cupid. The last item in the book is a very vivid and striking little play in blank verse by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, describing the moral panic caused among a set of villagers by the appearance of a great comet. It is a novel idea, dramatically treated.



THE PREMIER IN THE CONSTITUENCY HE HAS REPRESENTED
FOR THIRTY YEARS: MR. ASQUITH AT LADYBANK.

At the beginning of his speech at Ladybank on the general situation, Mr. Asquith recalled the fact that his connection with the constituency had lasted thirty years. He was accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bonham-Carter. Mr. Bonham-Carter, who is also the Premier's private secretary, is seen with him in the photograph.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

NEW NOVELS.

"Miss Pandora." The humour of Miss M. E. Norman is the salt of savour in "Miss Pandora" (Heinemann). The rest of the story is a compound of ill-regulated love-affairs and madness, mid-summer and otherwise. Being strictly modern too, the affairs of Pandora have an unhappy ending. We can see quite well that Pandora in the wilderness will be at the mercy of her tempestuous temperament. She began—she relates the story herself—by being discovered as a deserted baby by the side of a country brook, wrapped in a shawl of finest lace, and dowered with £5000 in a little silver casket. Naturally, after this her career cannot fail to furnish thrills. She was adopted by Elizabeth, who is a delightful person, but impossible, one would have said, to live with. Elizabeth writes light fiction, oblivious to the calls of housekeeping, or even to the return of her sailor husband after an absence of years. She is, in fact, one of the literary people who ought never to have been married; and our sympathy for her husband grows as the book proceeds. The meals she sets before him are disgusting, though it is hard to believe that the family servant would have left the house so completely unprovided on her monthly evening out—it sounds unlike a person who could make a good substantial dumpling with raisins in it, and who knew Elizabeth by heart. In spite of its absurdities, and because of its irrepressible humour, "Miss Pandora" is entertaining.

"The Shepherd
of the North."

There is a little bit of French Canada in the United States, it appears—which will be news to most people who read "The Shepherd of the North" (Macmillan). This pretty story begins in a far corner of New York State, where Bishop Joseph Winthrop struggles through the snow to hold a confirmation in a French village, guided by Arsène La Comte, and addressed as "M'sieur l'Evêque" as he flounders through the drifts on the mountain side. Such is the setting for the romance, and for the curious and ingenious situation that is its pivot. It opens up a nice question. A person overhears the words of a death-bed confession. The priest (in this case the Bishop) is of course sworn to secrecy; but is the unwilling listener also bound over not to reveal the truth, which gravely affects the lives of living men? A charge of murder hangs on the dying words of Gadbean. Ruth seems to have no hesitation in believing that her lips are sealed by the Bishop's priestly vow. What is the ecclesiastical point of view in such a case we wonder? Meanwhile, Mr. Richard A. Maher has provided a fresh and pleasant novel, albeit a little over-sugared with Transatlantic sentiment.

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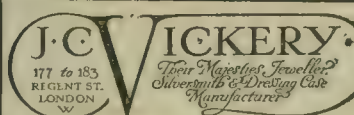
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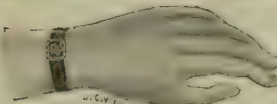
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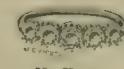
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LITERATURE.

"With the Zionists in Gallipoli." The tragic peninsula of Gallipoli has been the grave of many heroes and not a few reputations, but it has also

been the cradle of new military traditions and national aspirations. There the Anzacs discovered themselves as a fighting force, and laid the foundations of British Australasia's military history; there Indian troops fought for Britain, and African troops for France. But perhaps the most interesting case—though on a smaller scale—of new national ideals finding there a baptism of blood was that of the Jewish contingent, the Zion Mule Corps, formed in Egypt by Sir John Maxwell. The story of the inception of the corps, and their fine work at the Dardanelles in carrying supplies and munitions to the firing line, is told by their Commander, Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, already well known as the author of "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo" and "In the Grip of the Nyika." His new book, "With the Zionists in Gallipoli" (Hutchinson), is at once a first-hand record of great historical events with some trenchant criticisms thereupon, and a thrilling narrative of personal experiences told in straightforward, soldierly style by the practised pen of a far-travelled campaigner. "Such a thing as a Jewish unit," he writes, "had been unknown in the annals of the world for some 2000 years since the days of the Maccabees."

It certainly was curious that the General's choice should have fallen upon me [i.e., to command it for, of course, he knew nothing of my knowledge of Jewish history or of my sympathy for the Jewish race. When, as a boy, I eagerly devoured the records of the glorious deeds of Jewish military captains such as Joshua, Joab, Gideon, and Judas Maccabæus, I little dreamt that one day I myself would, in a small way, be a captain of the host of the Children of Israel! In such a spirit the gallant Colonel undertook his task, and between the lines one can read in what esteem he was held by the men whom he commanded. He was invalided home before the close of the campaign, and at the end we leave him in a London hospital. His general remarks on the Gallipoli adventure are those of a soldier of wide experience; and it is interesting to find that he ascribes the failure not to the politicians, but to various causes on the spot. Apart from "the Bedlamite policy of the first disastrous attempts by the Navy alone," he thinks the Government was right in undertaking the campaign, which, if successful, might have had such tremendous effects, and

that they provided a sufficient force for the purpose; but he strongly criticises the military plan of the landing, and contends that the whole force should have been thrown ashore on the key position at Anzac, instead of being divided up at so many points at the toe of the peninsula, to be held up or destroyed in detail. At the same time he points out that the expedition was by no means fruitless, as it engaged large Turkish forces, thus giving a freer hand to the Russians elsewhere.



DURING MANŒUVRES AT SALONIKA: HIGHLANDERS RANGE-FINDING.

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by C.P.

Marguerite d'Angoulême. "The Pearl of Princesses" (Eveleigh Nash) is a very attractive title, and it is attached to a very attractive book. A popular biographical study of Marguerite d'Angoulême is a work of a kind to which the author, Mr. H. Noel Williams, brings a practised hand. In the earlier chapters especially, he shapes his material in an

orderly and at the same time cunning fashion. The material itself is more suitable for his purpose than later. With the death of Louis XII., and the succession of her brother Francis as Francis I., Marguerite definitely entered the circle of great events and great movements. She herself became Queen of Navarre, and played her part in the Reformation. But the interest of her personal story is keenest when the little Court of Cognac was still removed from the central stage of history, and the inheritance of Francis, on which depended whether or not it was to remain so, was still precarious. Though her portraits seem to dispel the idea of notable beauty—but this order of testimony is most misleading—Marguerite

impressed her contemporaries by her intelligence and her personal charm. Beyond her acquired learning and inherited taste, and the grasp of mind which enabled her to tackle affairs in masterly fashion when suddenly faced with the necessity for doing so—as, for example, after the disaster at Pavia—she possessed the attraction of a sweet disposition. It was said of her that she was born smiling, and held out her little hand to each comer—"a sure and certain sign of a genuine nature." Marguerite has not escaped calumny, but the reputation of her genuine nature is firmly established, and it may still be said of this favoured child of history that she holds out her hand to each comer. It is nevertheless unfortunately true that, in history as in fiction, the highly finished full-length portrait of the most virtuous heroine often proves less arresting than thumb-nail sketches of relatively insignificant and probably disreputable figures in her entourage. For unlovely, if not quite disreputable figures in Marguerite's circle, it is not necessary at any stage of her life to look only for the insignificant. There was her own mother, Louise of Savoy, a sufficiently enigmatical and smirched character to be in Mr. Williams's pages a rival to her transparent and unblemished daughter for our interest if not our regard. It is certainly our impression that with the disappearance from it of Louise, this volume on Marguerite loses a little of its grip. But by that time also the faithless Gaston de Foix—faithless in love—and the too-faithful Bonnavet, and the Maréchal de Gie, and others like unto these, have also dropped out of it—all of them, so far as they come into the picture here, shady characters, who nevertheless afford fascinating glimpses of themselves. We would not have it supposed, however, that the later years of Marguerite's life are less carefully or less sympathetically treated than is her youth. Mr. Williams's volume is thorough—even to the Index.

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The human body is a delicate and complicated machine, whose regular functioning depends chiefly upon the regular circulation of the blood through the intricate maze of vessels—arteries, veins, and capillaries of various calibre, and with elastic walls, the motive force being provided by the heart, whose principal function consists in pumping about 2500 gallons of blood per day.

Unfortunately, the human machine, like any other machine, suffers from wear and tear. For numerous reasons, too lengthy to explain in detail, the composing materials become worn, while modifications, decomposition, and faulty assimilation occur, resulting in a quantity of waste products obstructing the free circulation of the blood, which is moreover loaded with the residue of incomplete or imperfect combustion. Circulation is more difficult on account of the blood being thus rendered viscid, and also because the vessels through which it passes become hardened by the impurities which are deposited, and are transformed into the semblance of "clay piping," thus offering greater resistance to its free circulation. The normal channels of elimination of these poisons also tend to become gradually less adequate to their functions. Lastly, the heart itself fails, either owing to its task being too heavy, and thus causing overstrain, or else, through being affected by sclerosis or fatty degeneration, in the same way as the vascular system (of which it is the terminus, as well as the dynamo), it becomes hardened and atrophied.

It is therefore evident that it is absolutely necessary to keep the blood in a perfect state of purity and fluidity, to regulate arterial tension, and to eliminate the poisons that are liable to clog the vessels, whose flexibility must be maintained at all costs. These are precisely the effects obtained by the regular use of URODONAL.

URODONAL has been recommended by Professor Lancereux, the late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine. Professor Légerot, late Professor of Physiology at the École de Sciences, Algiers, also points out its remarkable value in arterio-sclerosis after having made experiments with this preparation.

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Conclusion: all sufferers from, or candidates to Arterio-sclerosis are in need of URODONAL, and their number is legion!

DR. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.



To the large army of sufferers afflicted with Rheumatism, Gout, Calculosis, Migraine, Eczema, Obesity, and Acid Dyspepsia: take courage, for URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as warm water dissolves sugar, and eliminates it without your being aware of it. Therefore, cast aside sticks and crutches, and straighten yourselves as in the days of youth and health. URODONAL will even permit you to eat meat and other favourite dishes to your heart's content. Salicylate, colchicum and iodides (by means of which temporary relief is procured at the cost of disastrous after-effects) are entirely superseded by URODONAL. Thanks to URODONAL, the obese regain their normal proportions, the weary take on a new lease of life, and the worn society woman regains and retains a clear and healthy complexion, through the blood-purifying properties of this preparation. URODONAL is the great discovery of the century, and is a boon to all; it is the secret of perpetual youth; the means of salvation for the thousands of victims of uricemia.

N.B.—URODONAL, prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Paris, price 5s. and 12s. (latter size equals three 5s. bottles). Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free (in the U.K.), from the sole British and Colonial Agents, **Reppelle** Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklet on Urodonal: Interesting Points on how to maintain Health, also "Lancet" Report. Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUCIER FRÈRES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada. Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.



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LADIES' PAGE.

AS a practice bargain-hunting in food does not work out profitably. Cheap forms of food can and ought to be now more used than of old; less meat, more pulses and more bread eaten, with no waste of fragments—all this is our duty now. But the gentleman, lured by the statement that he is the secretary of a medical society, who is constantly getting put into the newspapers statements of the small cost at which he has lived for a week—with the insinuation that, if we mistresses were clever, we could all feed our families luxuriously at something like five shillings a week per head—is an insidious enemy to the race of housewives! For the prices he gives are often most absurd and impossible, taken as a whole, though now and then one may be able to get a single thing at the price by chance. For example, his latest effort gave the price of an ox-tail as tenpence. I inquired the price of my butcher that day; it was three shillings! The tradesman added that this was English meat; that there was a nominal market price of one-and-sixpence for tails from foreign meat, but there were none to be had. Our newspaper Mentor here interposes: "But I am telling you," he says, "what you can all buy at if you will just take hand bags on your arms, and go to and carry your own food home from the street-stall markets in poor localities." But these street markets are relatively cheap because they are only supplied with the limited leavings of the wholesale dealers when they have finished stocking the ordinary shops. What would happen if processions of middle-class housewives armed with bags really invaded the poor people's street markets?

The limited supply of cheap, left-over foods would be gone in no time, most of the invading bags would go home empty, and the prices would be raised next day. Perhaps our lecturer saw half-a-dozen ox-tails on his street stall. But if he induced three thousand housewives to travel to buy at the cheap market, the miracle of the loaves and fishes would not be paralleled; only the *avant-garde* of the hunting housewives—a negligible number—would get their bargain, at the expense of the really poor, who naturally and legitimately buy in the street markets. So what is the use of putting paragraphs in the newspapers calculated to make husbands in general suppose that their wives can feed the family on five shillings a week each, with all sorts of luxuries, by means of travelling to the poor street stalls to do the shopping? The price of all food, services, cleaning materials, household replenishings, fuel—in short, everything—has gone up at least forty per cent.; and although by constant care and study many housekeepers, no doubt, might save something on food bills, it is both idle and unkind to pretend that the rise can be met otherwise than by a diminution of the old scale of living or else by a substantial increase of the housekeeping-expenses allowance.

However, our standard of cooking undoubtedly sadly needs improving. We can by due study have our vegetable and pulse dishes, and our stews in which the meat is spun out to the utmost, better flavoured and more carefully

finished than we do generally. This is the true French cookery secret. Our ordinary cooks neglect many available flavours. For instance, lemon—the peel and the juice—and garlic are never used in flavouring *vagabonds* or stewed-meat dishes in many English kitchens; in French ones, both are valued and employed. It is, in fact, quite difficult to procure garlic in England, and most people will assure you that they cannot endure it in food. Yet they partake of it with high satisfaction in French cookery, and it will be found that most of them like it if they do not know that it is used! As a clever little book on French cookery for English homes puts it: "Add garlic the size of a pea, but don't tell anybody." The trouble about strong flavours is that they become enfeebled to the senses by frequent use, and so the artist grows reckless in their employment. It is just the same with powerful perfumes. People who like the scent of musk, for instance, are apt to end by making themselves insupportable to the rest of the community, without at all suspecting their own excesses. I have been told by a Lady-in-Waiting on the late Queen Sophie of the Netherlands that her Majesty could be tracked through the Palace by the perfume of musk that she left behind her. In like manner, the habitual use of garlic leads to shocking consequences. But added on occasion and very sparingly in stews, and especially in hashes of warmed-up meat, it is invaluable. The great cook Soyer was fond of quoting a saying of Hippocrates ("The Father of Medicine") that "What pleases the palate, nourishes." He also used to quote with satisfaction the opinion of a well-known doctor that every medical student should have a course of cookery lessons, so important is the good, tasteful preparation of food to the health and strength of man. Looked at thus, in its proper importance, no woman ought to think the art and science of cookery beneath her attention.

The multitude of delightful bargains in fine linen of every kind makes it a necessary, and to the busy woman a consoling fact that the great summer sale at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's handsome Linen Hall, at 150-170, Regent Street, W., will commence on Monday, June 26, and be continued during the whole of July. Whether for the house, for personal use, or for presents, this comprehensive sale will supply something for every need and for every taste, from rich damask table-cloths to the fairylike daintiness of exquisite handkerchiefs and most delicate lingerie. Hundreds of articles and thousands of prices, all amazingly moderate, are to be found in Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's fully illustrated catalogue, which should be sent for at once, both by ladies who can and will pay an early visit to the great Linen Hall, and still more by those who, from living at a distance or lack of time, must perforce send their orders by post. For ladies, for children, and for men, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's great sale will prove the happiest of hunting-grounds.

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A PICTURE-DRESS OF LACE AND SILK.

The old-fashioned bodice of this dress is made of pale-blue taffeta ornamented in front with a black bow and paste ornaments. The flounces on the skirt and the berthe are of fine silver thread lace.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals, Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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In white Jars, 1/11 & 2/3. Ask for—

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GET A JAR & PROVE ITS WORTH.

London's Voluntary Hospitals will need £100,000 this year from the Hospital Sunday Fund

to relieve the burden placed upon them by the war. Their work for the SICK POOR has been maintained in addition to the treatment of over 100,000 WOUNDED. This in spite of unparalleled difficulties. The noble work of our Voluntary Hospitals during this time of Crisis will stand for all time as a monument of efficiency and achievement. The need is urgent. Will you help?

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Later the experience of the battle-field will be reflected in the new Austin. The delicate exactitude demanded by war work will have its due effect on engineering processes, and the Austin car of the future will be found to be a distinct improvement on its already well-established predecessors.

Bear the AUSTIN Car in mind!

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Raleigh's men were CYDER drinkers

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Whiteway's Cyders in bottle are brisk and sparkling like champagne, and where a healthful beverage is required by those for whom "sparkling" drinks are unsuitable, WHITEWAY'S DRAUGHT CYDER is particularly welcomed and economical withal. Write for Illustrated Booklet to—

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"Any maker of field boots," he continued, "can copy that part, and most of them have done so, but only the Lotus people can make boots waterproof by the weird veldtschoen process. It is their patent. Mine are Lotus and my feet are always dry."

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makes your wrist watch breakproof, guards your watch
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evening air after hours in a
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A pleasanter and better way is to
use the fragrant, non-greasy
Pomeroy Day Cream, the most
delightful "vanishing" cream
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beautifully cool and clear, and
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**Rheumatism, Weak Backs,
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SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS**

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Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a
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Yours gratefully,

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**"Never Use an Oily Polish
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**JOHNSON'S
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THOSE oily polishes gather and hold the dust, soiling clothing, linen, and every-
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just the reverse. It imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glass-like polish to which dust and
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Johnson's Prepared Wax is conveniently put up—always ready for use—no tools or
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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

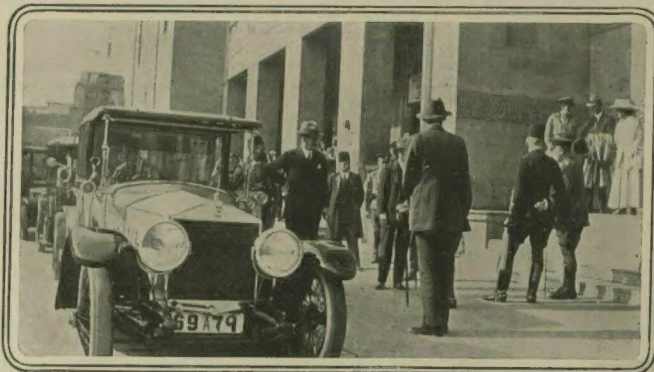
Petrol Census. Motorists are accustomed to fill up various forms at one time or other in their career—first for their license, then for the registration of their car; and now during the past week the Petrol Committee of the Board of Trade has demanded a return of the quantity of petrol in stock, amongst other detail-information required. In the meantime, all motor-vehicle users, and those owning motor-boats, await patiently the effect the information will have upon the Committee in issuing a further order as to future supplies of this fuel. No doubt we may all expect a certain curtailment in the future; the question is—How much? Also, as the extra Inland Revenue tax on cars is due on June 30, it will be curious to learn how many motor-carriages will be "laid up" until this extra imposition is withdrawn, and whether, if the quantity is large, the reduction in the use of such private vehicles will release sufficient petrol to avoid any curtailment at all. To quote the Premier, we must "wait and see."

Second-Hand Vehicles. A large number of motor-cars no longer required by the military authorities

were put up for sale by auction at the Aldershot Field Stores a fortnight ago. There is every likelihood of further sales in the near future, and readers who want

in the number of cars they offer at one time and in the frequency with which these "cast-outs" from the Services are thrown on the market. I gather, from conversations with many of the leading sellers of cars, that new big motor-carriages are practically unsaleable at the present time. Yet the auction-rooms report "still a good demand" for second-hand cars. Perhaps a few prices obtained a fortnight ago may best show the state of the market. A 20-30-h.p. Renault three-quarter landaulette fetched £89; while an 18-20-h.p. six-cylinder (1912) Renault interior-drive Saloon brought £152—but, as £80 had just been spent upon it for overhaul, this figure did not bring much profit to the owner. A Siddeley-Deasy limousine brought in £66; while a 40-50-h.p. F.I.A.T. three-quarter landaulette was knocked down for £125. By private treaty, a 1914 Straker-Squire landaulette that had run 20,000 miles fetched £425, plus agent's commission for selling it: so this rather bears out the view that small and medium-powered cars will bring good value when judiciously sold. I think one of the best auction bargains lately was an 8-11-h.p. Panhard landaulette purchased under the hammer at the sale referred to above for £13, though a 35-40-h.p. Maudslayi three-quarter landaulette in good working

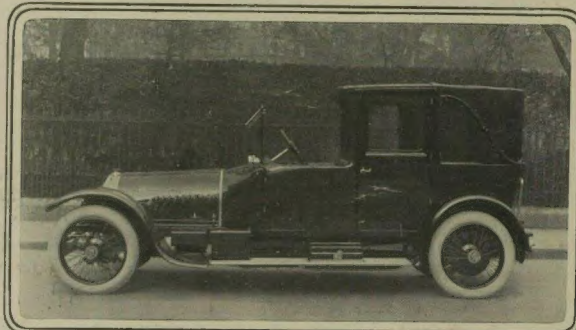
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WHEN ON HIS WAY TO ENGLAND: LORD HARDINGE IN CAIRO.

Our photograph shows Lord Hardinge of Penshurst on his way home from India. The ex-Viceroy is seen in Cairo, standing by the Sizaire-Berwick cabriolet, the owner of which, Colonel Sir Henry MacMahon, High Commissioner for Egypt, is standing on the steps.

to get bargains should keep their eyes open for such opportunities. Without wishing to strike a pessimistic note, I cannot help thinking that there will be a glut of quite serviceable second-hand cars in the market in the near future. This must have a great effect on the industry, although it may give them breathing time, after they have finished their war work, to get ready for their normal business of building cars for the public. It has been suggested by the Society of Motor Manufacturers that the Government should exercise some discretion



BUILT TO THE ORDER OF A RUSSIAN GRAND DUCHESS: A SPECIALLY DESIGNED 30-H.P. SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX LANDAULETTE.

The body of the car, which has just been supplied to the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, was built and equipped in accordance with her Imperial Highness's instructions. It has several exceptional fittings which were suggested by the Grand Duchess—among others, a special needlework box.



WAR-TIME ECONOMY NO REAL BAR TO SMARTNESS: A FORMER-PATTERN NAPIER BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

This car was supplied to its owner some years ago. It was recently sent to the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, of Putney, for re-varnishing, and the adding of a new-type scuttle and sloping bonnet. The renovation was effected at small cost, and readers will form their opinions of the result.

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The superiority of the Daimler Engine was then proved, and to-day remains unchallenged. It created and maintains a standard of its own—a superior class. There is no comparison in design or in principle—there is no comparison in results.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.,
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SHE fears not, neither does she hesitate. Previously she had to call on a male member of the household to drive her from her country home to town, and back again.

She did not relish the thought of trying to swing the powerful engine. It was a trying, joyless job. And what if she should stop it in the midst of a busy street?

To-day the car is her slave. It is a servant—tamed into submissiveness.

On stopping the engine she has not to climb out in the mud to start it. Instead, she feels secure in the knowledge that at the touch of a button the ever-dependable and powerful Buick Car will immediately respond to her wishes. The flexible Six-cylinder Buick Motor reduces her gear changing to a minimum.

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Owing to our organization being largely engaged on War Service the supply of Buick Cars is at present restricted

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DO you remember the flood of 11·9 and 15·9 h.p. cars, of various makes which followed upon the introduction of the "*point-nine*" series of cars by Arrol-Johnston, Limited?

That gave some indication of the value and popularity of this type of Arrol-Johnston car. And there are many reasons why the engineering products from the Arrol-Johnston factory will far eclipse even this famous series in the esteem of the very discriminating British motorist.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD.,
Dumfries.



(Continued.)

order for £31 ran it fairly close. Sporting cars still bring their value, as a 15.9-h.p. Grand Prix Calthorpe two-seater (1914), fitted with electric lighting and engine-starter, cost the purchaser £168. A 15.20-h.p. Overland, similarly equipped, but with a torpedo four-seater body, delivered in March last, found a buyer at £120. Another instance of the "fall of the mighty" at this sale was £20 given for a 60-h.p. Mercedes sporting two-seater with outside exhaust-pipes—"one of the knuts." Yet a 1906 14.20-h.p. Renault torpedo five-seater, a new body on an old chassis, sold for £54, though a 40-h.p. Mercedes racing-car "Silver Peril" tuned up for this work only fetched £21. Such are the straws which show how the motor wind blows.—W. W.

The special Kitchener Memorial Number of *The Illustrated London News* is out of print at the Publishing Office, but readers who have not obtained copies may still be able to purchase a few at a bookstall or a newsagent's. We may add that a few copies of the fine photogravure plate of Lord Kitchener may be obtained separately at the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C., at the price of one shilling and a penny per copy, post free. Anyone requiring a plate must apply quickly, as the stock is very limited.

The Lord Mayor, in making his appeal on behalf of the London hospitals, reminds the public that it is again made in war time, when the part borne by these "Homes of Healing" demands grateful and bountiful recognition. Large numbers of the surgeons, doctors, and nurses are serving with the forces, but those remaining have worked as never before. Our hospitals have created a record upon which future generations will look back with pride, and he wants this year's collection to exceed all others, and aims at a total of £100,000, which ought not to be difficult to obtain, as last year over £75,000 was raised. Sir Charles Wakefield will gladly receive and acknowledge any sums sent to him by those who cannot attend their place of worship on Sunday.

Facts and figures are the most convincing arguments, and it is a fact that the only general hospital in Islington, and the largest in North London, ministers to a population not far short of a million. That is the fact about the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway, and it means relief and healing to the hardworking population of this vast industrial area. Wounded soldiers now occupy 150 beds, and 1000 wounded have passed through the wards. The diamond jubilee of the hospital will be celebrated this year, the wards and departments being thrown open for inspection on June 28. £25,000 will be required this year to meet actual expenses.

Owing to war conditions which have banned German wines and lessened supplies from France, attention may be called to the advantages of cider. It is made in such perfect fashion by Messrs. Whiteway, The Orchards, Whimpe, Devon, that it is a most agreeable and beneficial beverage. Its dietetic qualities are valuable for gout and kindred ailments.

CHESS.

R LOWRIE (Arts Club, Philadelphia).—It is difficult for us to say, but we are frankly inclined to think it may be a plagiarism. Our contributor was a well-known Russian composer.

E W ALLAN (Highgate).—We have no conditions. A postcard with the main variations is sufficient.

G E FRANKLIN (East London, Cape Colony).—We cannot say your problem has some unnecessary pieces—it perhaps would be better if it had. It is much too elementary for our use.

J DIXON (Colchester).—1. Q to R and won't do; 1. Q takes B P is the defence.

H STEVENSON.—We have put a notice below on your behalf.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3730 received from Edith Vicars (Wood Dalling) and W Lillie (Marple); of N. 3731 from O F Blankingship (Richmond, U.S.A.), C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), and H J B Zeadlay (Guelph, Canada); of No. 3732 from C Field, H J B Zeadlay, W Lillie, Y Answey (Lisbon), F R Briant, and L Brown (Malta); of No. 3733 from F Ames (Woburn Sands), L T H Muirhead-Brown (Harpenden), L Brown, J Isaacson (Liverpool), J R Jameson (Perryhill), W C D Smith (Northampton), Jacob Verrall (Roddell), J Daddon (Catford), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth, W Saunders (Chelmsford), J R Voley (Brighton), and M G List.

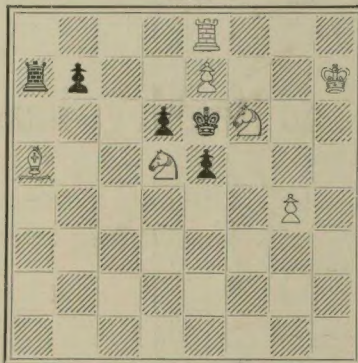
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3734 received from G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham) H Maxwell Prideaux (Exeter), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J S Forbes (Brighton), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), J Hope (Greenwich), and J S-nart.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3732.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to K 2nd	Any move.
2. Kt, Q, or R mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3735.—By H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Mr. H. Stevenson, c/o Mr. A. N. Ferriday, Oakengates, Salop, would be glad to hear from anybody wishing to play a game of chess by correspondence.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE RIDDLE," AT THE NEW.

DO you remember "Mrs. Dane's Defence"? If so, the mere mention of it in connection with the new piece Mr. Dion Boucicault has produced will suggest the sort of heroine Messrs. Anthony Wharton and Morley Roberts have fixed upon in "The Riddle," and the sort of situations in which they have placed their "woman with a past." Helen Lytton, like Mr. Jones's Felicia, was once associated with a case of mysterious death; and in trying to rehabilitate herself, fascinates a young man whom his friends, with outside assistance, try hard to rescue. But whereas a Judge cross-examined Mrs. Dane in private, the sensational scene on which Mr. Morley Roberts and his colleague rely shows a criminal lawyer amusing a holiday party on a wet day by giving a damning version of Helen Lytton's story in her presence. In a stagey way it is effective enough, though brutal, and would seem sadly conventional, even despite the narrative skill of Mr. Boucicault as lawyer, but that it allows for dumb play of anguish and an outburst of emotion on the part of the victim, in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh's sincerity overcomes the artifice of the authors, and makes a live creature of Helen. Thanks to Miss Vanbrugh's acting, the drama seemed almost worth while at its premiere, and we were able to forget for a time its weaknesses of construction, its hackneyed devices, and the creaking machinery of its plot. But even her art could not relieve of tedium the series of farewells in the last act, or compel us to take the heroine's love-affair seriously.

"RAZZLE DAZZLE," AT DRURY LANE.

Revue at Drury Lane! you may exclaim, and wonder how the traditions of the theatre are to be made to tell in the alien type of entertainment. But see "Razzle Dazzle," with its "Ice Carnival," and you will acknowledge that it has proved possible for the Lane to put its own stamp on revue. Even the beauty chorus beats all records surely, at two hundred and fifty strong. It is in the spectacle, however, that Drury Lane rises to the occasion. There is a Scottish moorland scene, for instance, in which there is a gathering of clans. The whole stage is packed with Macleods, and Menzies, and Macphersons, who march and turn in their kilts amidst the gorse and the heather; the climax coming when dainty Miss Phyllis Bedells contributes just the right sort of sword-dancing. By way of contrast, there is a pretty English rural scene, with Miss Bedells also figuring, this time in a country dance. Niagara Falls are also made to provide a picture, Miss Shirley Kellogg the while donning Red Indian costume; but better than this and more appropriate to the "National Theatre" is the series of tableaux tracing the history of our Fleet, which illustrates Mr. Harry Dearth's stirring patriotic song stirringly rendered, "England, Remember." The comic side of the revue is safe in the hands of Mr. Shaun Glenville; the music of Messrs. Herman Darewski and Manuel Klein has plenty of swing; and full credit is due to Mr. Albert de Courville as "producer" and organiser for adapting Drury Lane to revue and revue to Drury Lane.

Lovers of the open air find cycling indispensable.

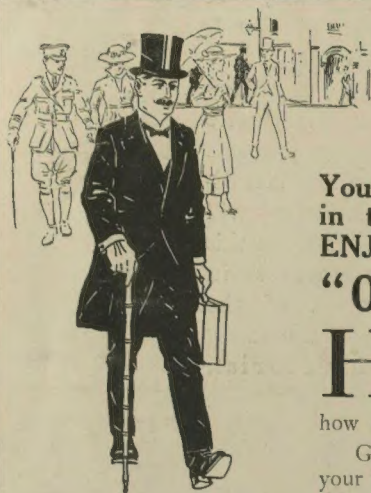
Golfers, cricketers, tennis players—in fact every lover of the open air, find cycling indispensable. Cycling makes long journeys short and enjoyable. It provides gentle exercise under ideal conditions, and enables one to visit, at little expense, quaint old villages and interesting scenes which would otherwise be out of reach.

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